

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## What Two Women

### Saw and Said

"Isn't it a shame," said one woman to another, walking down Franklin Street in the early morning, "that it is a shame that the grass in the Capitol Square is burnt up and looks as it does? Could it not have been saved from the condition it is now in by being watered?"

Just as her companion started to reply, a brisk breeze stirred a miniature cyclone in front of them. A volume of dust with gathered-up fragments of paper and other germ-laden impediments of the street was flung sharply and directly in their faces. They could only gasp, bow their heads and wait for the passing by of the dust-storm. Then the broken thread of conversation was resumed, and the woman appealed to answered her companion.

"I altogether agree with you in believing that there is no necessity for the grass in the square to be green and brown. If it were properly watered and tended this could not possibly be the case. I cannot understand why, indeed, the whole square, which should be made a pleasure to the eye and an ornament to a growing and prosperous city, should not be kept up to the standard established for it in former years. I can remember when beds of foliage and flowers, trimly kept walks, and ornamental shrubs and trees in good condition, testified to the care taken by the State of this, one of its most valuable and historic assets."

"But why," again asked the first speaker, "why should the square not be rendered a beautiful spot and an appropriate setting for the statues and the buildings that have been erected within it? Why are its walks littered, its trees given over to decay and its turf be anything but fresh and luxuriant? Is not Richmond progressive, and is not Virginia slowly but surely regaining the prestige, which in the beginning, made her a Commonwealth to be reckoned with and considered? Are we, as Virginians, become so purely utilitarian and commercial that we have lost our just sense of proportion in forgetting what is due ourselves and the fair name and fame of our Mother State?"

"I am afraid," came back the reply, "I am afraid that is just what we are, and just what we are neglecting to do. But," she continued, brightening, "there is hope ahead. Let us keep thinking and talking about these things and interesting more and more people in them. Let us try, and I hope we may finally do something for the grass and the trees and the flowers—not yet planted—in the Capitol Square."

"And in the meantime," reminded her friend, "let us take up the condition of the streets along with that of the Capitol Square. Let us see if there are not brooms and arms enough in the street cleaning force to render municipal housecleaning here more effectual and more regular."

And the two women shook hands on this bargain before they began other work for the day.

### The Advent of Christianity.

Says Arthur Jackson Brown, in the Student Volunteer Movement: Let me remind you of that great painting, "Anno Domini," which, perhaps, some of you have seen. It vividly illustrates the unprecedented opportunity to-day in the extreme Orient.

It represents an Egyptian temple, from whose spacious courts a brilliant procession of soldiers, statesmen, philosophers, artists, musicians and priests is advancing in triumphal march, bearing a huge idol, the challenge and the boast of heathenism.

Across the pathway of the procession is an ass, whose bridle is held by a reverent looking man, and upon whose back is a fair young mother with her infant child.

It is Jesus entering Egypt in flight from the wrath of Herod, thus crossing the path of heathenism. The clock strikes and the Christian era begins.

### Women's Observations.

The Christian Endeavor World represents the chief occupation and interest of women to be prying into the affairs of their neighbors. And this is what the World has to say in support of its contention.

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. I picked it up in the attic by the high north window and had it fixed so it would swing around easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it, the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when I was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too."

She stayed a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says, "why it made everybody's house seem so near that it seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out that John Pritchard's folks are doing in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass in the window. They are cutting apples to fry—folks as rich as them—cuttin' apples."

### Origin of Old Jests.

To Hierocles, who lived in the sixth century, is attributed a book called *Astela*, which contains twenty-one jests, the most of which are now alive, writes Edmund Kirke in the North American Review.

Among them is the man who would not venture into the water until he had learned to swim; the man whose horse died just as he had taught it to live without eating; the other who stood before a mirror with his eyes shut to see how he looked when asleep; the other two looked for a neglect by saying, "I never received the letter you wrote me;" the other who kept a crow expressly to entertain himself; the creature who died to the age of 200 years; and the old philosopher, who carried a brick about as a sample of the house he desired to sell.

But older than Hierocles—old as Horace—is the stupid fellow who, waiting to cross a stream, sat down upon the bank to wait for all the water to run by.

The French King who said, "after me, the deluge," was thought to be original, but the phrase is found in the Greek of 2,000 years ago; as is also the proverb, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," which was the appropriate inscription upon the drinking cup of a rich Greek.

Every one knows the lady who insists that her age is but thirty; and whose friend asserts that she believes her because he has heard her say so for ten years or more. Bacon asserts that the same story is told of Cleopatra.



TWO SMART TOURING COATS AND A SIMPLE TAILOR SUIT.

L'Art de la Mode.

## JUNE FLOWERS

### A Riot of Bloom in Flower-Vendors' Row and Florists' Windows—Oleanders and Roses for June Weddings.

A joy to the eye and a refreshment to the senses of the woman who is an indweller of the city is the rich riot of color displayed by the vendors in the flower row which beautifies the otherwise prosaic approach to the Sixth Street market place.

Garden flowers, field and wood flowers, they are here in loose clusters, or in nosegays to tempt every passerby, even the busiest and most care-oppressed.

"Sweet Williums," Missie, sweet Williums," said an old man, holding forward a huge bunch of the stocky blooms that bring irresistible memories of childhood's flower ladies and weddings, with sweet Williums for the groom. Ah, well, the appeal has its way, the flowers pass from one hand to the other, and a smile breaks over the dusky face, the old man touches his ragged hat brim and murmurs, "They was bringin' up in—my garden," Missie, and dey is fresh and sweet. I gather 'em fore sun up, dis mawnin'."

Clusters of Rambler roses like a little farther on contrasting gorgeously with the cool fragrance of laurel blossoms and the sensuous perfume of creamy magnolias. And the white and gold of the daisies surround each and all.

**Garden Pinks.** Pungent ordors emanate from garden pinks, which are heaped in baskets.

"Which does you like best, Missie?" queried a smiling vendor. "I see got all kinds, pink, and red and white, Den," she continued eagerly, "here's de va-gated kinds, and dey's de purtiest uv 'em all." Sweetpeas rival all other beauties, and show such lovely shades, from deep and ardent crimson, through faint pink, to lavender and purple. There is every variety of rose down to the yellow single-petaled class, becoming rather rare now because little cultivated, and lightening up the whole array in the sunshine of the golden glow which is hardy enough to stand the scorching heat of summer without

shrinkin'.

**Pink and Blue Hydrangeas.**

For decorations at June weddings nothing is prettier and more effective than clusters of pink and blue hydrangeas, the flowers and foliage rendering them an ideal background. Especially handsome are these flowers at a country wedding where the ceremony probably takes place on the lawn, and the aisle to the altar can be defined by rows of these luxuriant bloomers.

**Fortunate June Bride.**

The June bride is fortunate as far as flowers go. She can indulge the greatest freedom in regard to an individual choice in decoration. Roses are always beautiful, and nothing is more artistic and charming than a pink and white rose scheme at a wedding, white roses for the altar and drawing room, pink and white for the dining room and halls.

**Colors of Youth and Love.**

The color idea can be extended to the lace, which may take the shape of roses, and to the frosting of little cakes in tiny pink and white flowers. Pink and white are the colors of youth and love and belong by right to the joy which should crown a bridal feast.

**The Service of the King.**

A mother and daughter were traveling through a forest. Overcome by the long journey, the mother fainted and fell by the wayside.

As soon as consciousness was partly restored to her, she sent her little child to seek a minister.

The little girl went weeping on her way and met, after awhile, a stranger riding a horse, who inquired of her why she was weeping. She asked him if he were God's minister, and he said that he was.

She led him to the side of her dying mother. His bodyguard soon arrived and reverently uncovered when they found the King of England kneeling in prayer for the dying peasant. The greatest among them was their servant.

## The Game of Love

The game of love as played between a schoolboy and girl is aptly told by the late Mark Twain. The boy was named Tom and the girl Becky. Tom said to Becky:

"Say, Becky, was you ever engaged?"

"What's that?"

"Why, engaged to be married."

"No."

"Would you like to?"

"I reckon so. I don't know. What is it like?"

"Like? Why it ain't like anything. You only just tell a boy you won't ever have anybody but him, ever, ever, ever, and then you kiss, and that's all. Anybody can do it."

"Kiss? What do you kiss for?"

"Why, that, you know, is to—well, they always do that."

"Everybody?"

"Why, yes, everybody that's in love with each other. Do you remember what I wrote on the slate?"

"Yes."

"I shan't tell you."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes—yes, but some other time."

"No, now."

"No, not now—to-morrow."

"Oh! no, now. Please, Becky, I'll whisper it."

Becky hesitating, Tom took silence for consent, and passed his arm about her waist and whispered the tale ever so softly, with his mouth close to her ear. And then he added:

"Now you whisper it to me just the same."

She resisted for awhile and then said:

"You turn your face away so you can't see, and then I will. But you mustn't ever tell anybody; will you, Tom? Now, you won't, will you?"

"No, indeed, indeed I won't. Now, Becky."

He turned his face away. She bent timidly around till her breath stirred his curls, and he whispered "I love you!"

## JUST FROCKS

### But Frocks of Voile, Batiste and Foulard—Creations Showing Wonderful Color and Embroidery Effects.

Every woman who accounts herself smart as to frocks must have at least one creation of embroidered voile in her summer trousseau. Daintiest models in voile are embroidered in bold white or delicate colors; the effective embroidery lines being more generally employed on such open meshed material, and many women undertaking themselves the straight lines, dot groups and smart borders that form the decorative finish in voile toilets.

Cream white voile may be embroidered in pale coral pink, a line of black around each motif, throwing the pink into strong relief. A hem of black chiffon cloth at the foot of the skirt overlays coral pink satin, and a girle of black cord encircles the waist. The straight-across neck, a variation of the Dutch style, is a feature in a voile frock of this kind, which is too severe for anything but youthful wearers. Worn with such a frock, a black hem hat is suggested. It should be faced with black satin and piled with coral pink ostrich feathers.

**Color Beneath the Surface.**

Sometimes touches of color are shown beneath rather than on the fabric of voile frocks. When this is the case the outer frock has nothing to interrupt the charming flow of line, the bodice being of voile with little pin tucks along the shoulder and top of the peasant sleeve, the neck rounded out and the yoke, narrow and collarless, of delicate lace, which also finishes the short elbow sleeves. So much for the outer frock. Beneath comes the color in soft satin ribbon, in hue a pale violet. These ribbons cross the bust diagonally, border the sleeve under the voile and above the lace cuff, and follow the band at the edge of the tunic, which falls to the knee all the way round. Tunic and bodice are joined under a girle of white satin, against which, at the left

side, is caught a cluster of deep purple violets.

**The Tub Frocks.**

While voiles lead in popularity, nothing can altogether supply the place of tub frocks in batiste, linen, dotted and plain mull. With the finest and thinnest batiste and other sheer white fabrics rather heavy embroidery and lace is used. Japanese embroidery is frequently used as an inset with insertions of fine lace and finishing for the lower part of the bodice and sleeve of embroidery. Irish crochet lace is employed for the bottom of tunics and deep berthes on bodices. In conjunction with it appears bold geometrical designs in embroidery, harmonizing with the lace pattern. Dressmakers are evolving wonderful color combinations in the achievement of foulard gowns in which are blended blues and greens, cerise and lavender, browns and purples and grays. Fetching toilettes frequently exhibit dotted and striped foulard with plain satin thrown in for emphasis or for good measure. A charming foulard in blue and white stripes is trimmed with bands of blue silk matching the blue ground of the stripes. Short sash ends in the back are also of blue. The sailor collar with long revers crossing in surplice fashion, is very smart. With it may be worn a high or round neck yoke of cream net in Brussels or filet or of thin lace. The round neck yoke is generally finished by a string of coral or pearl beads.

**Dinner Dance Gown.**

A lovely dinner dance gown recently shown in one of the centres of fashion was made of black net and escurial lace with suggestions of steel embroidery to relieve the black. The feature of this dress was the square lace train, so adjusted as to fall free from the shoulders and be caught up at will over the wearer's arm during the dance.

**The Germ of Kindness.**

"If you hear a song that thrills you, Sing by any child of song. Praise it. Do not let the singer go. What a beautiful promise!"

Why should one who thrills your heart Lack for joy you may impart?

"If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand, Say so. Speak out bravely, truly, Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman dear Falter for a word of cheer?"

"Scatter, then, your germ of kindness, All enriching as you go; Leave them, Trust the Harvest Gives Who will make each germ to grow, So until the happy end, You will never lack a friend."

—Selected.

**A Little Child's Sixpence.**

An Australian missionary was addressing a band of children on the needs of the people among whom he was working.

A little one slipped a sixpence shyly into his hand with the request that he use it for something special.

He bought with it a prayer book and gave it to a poor work-house girl who had been sent from England to go into service on an Australian farm.

Several weeks later a rough-looking man came and asked him if he were the person who had given his servant a prayer book. His wife was very ill and wanted to see him.

Although it was twenty miles inland the clergyman went and ministered to the poor woman.

A little while later the man came once more to the minister and said that he and his neighbors had built a little church and paid for it and that they wanted the minister to come and conduct services among them. Thus an entirely new work was opened as the result of a child's sixpence.

## Two Southern Women in the Public Eye

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, wife of the special ambassador appointed by President Taft to represent this country at the coronation ceremonies of King George and Queen Mary, of England, has been presented at the Papal court of Rome and has a knowledge of her most recently conferred honors and responsibilities through having attended Queen Victoria's drawing rooms and those of the Russian court.

### Vicksburg Her Birthplace.

Mrs. Hammond was born at Vicksburg, Miss., the daughter of Judge J. W. M. Harris, of the Supreme Court, from whom she has inherited much of the tact which renders her popular, and her very unusual executive ability. She was an active factor on the plantation owned by her father, and was much beloved by the slaves, to whose personal and moral welfare she paid close attention.

### First Met Husband at Dresden.

Mrs. Hammond first met her husband at Dresden, Germany, where she had been sent to study music and the languages. Mr. Hammond was pursuing his studies at the Royal School of Mines, in Freiberg, not far from Dresden. When his course was finished his marriage to his wife was celebrated in her sister's Maryland home.

Mrs. Hammond has lived since then among mining camps in the gold and silver mines of Mexico and California, and in the South African Transvaal, where Mr. Hammond was the friend of Cecil Rhodes and associated in business with the famous brothers Barnato. As a leader of the Reform party and a pro-advocate of foreign investments, he was thrown into prison and sentenced to death by President Kruger. Through the efforts of Mrs. Hammond, prominent officials and American friends, the sentence was withdrawn at the last moment.

### Chairman of Federation.

Mrs. Hammond is national chairman of the Civic Federation, an organization of rich and influential American women, who are interested in securing better conditions for government employees and girls employed in big industries from California to Maine.

The Hammonds have taken a home for their stay in London, and Mrs. Hays, who was accustomed during her early married days to travel to mines in pack trains, will be seated in a state coach for the coronation ceremonies and be attended by one of the courtiers of King George.

### Mrs. Littleton's Political Methods.

It has come to be a recognized fact that Congressman Martin W. Littleton, born in Roane county, Tenn., married fourteen years ago to a Texas girl, and unexpectedly a winner in a political fight against Roosevelt's candidate, William W. Cook, owed his success largely to the electioneering help afforded him by his wife, who "persuaded him to take the nomination and then went out literally into the highways and byways after votes."

Mrs. Littleton, who is described as "sincere and gray-eyed," began her campaign by writing a little pamphlet called "The Mountaineer," which gave a true account of the struggles undergone by husband and wife in coming from Texas to New York to seek advancement at the bar and along political lines. As the book was distributed by Mrs. Littleton she secured votes for her husband, including the English women, who are always active in a political canvass.

### Some of Her Utterances.

Her husband's election to Congress did not end Mrs. Littleton's political activities. She suggested her husband as a candidate for the senatorship at a meeting of labor leaders in Port Washington, L. I., during the New York senatorial deadlock, and, introducing Samuel Gompers at that meeting, she made some remarkable utterances, among them these:

"Mr. Gompers knows," she said, "the history of labor and its sufferings and sacrifices. He is the interpreter of its needs and demands. He wears the scars of its many battles. It would have been so impressive for Mr. Littleton to have heard this whole story from such a man, and yet I am sure from what I know of him, which is more than most people know, that, in the short and simple annals of the poor, he has felt their sufferings, undergone their sacrifices and carried the burdens of their lives in the treadmill. If the people would only be honest, I don't mean money honest, for that is stupidity, I don't mean honest under the law, for that is necessary. But if they would just place themselves in the other man's place and measure their sense of justice by what both sides deserve, the world would get on much better. If we could get rid of the idea of being money aristocrats, or society aristocrats, or aristocrats by blood, and could unite on the aristocracy of the heart, filled with justice and high purpose, we could save many of the grave disasters in politics, in economics, in society."

—Selected.